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ALARBAS.

A

Dramatick OPERA.

ALABAMA

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

ALARBAS.

A

Dramatick OPERA.

Written by a Gentleman of Quality.

Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata : dulcia sunt.
Hor. de Arte Poet.

Anon.

L O N D O N :

Printed by M. F. for J. MORPHEW, near
Stationers-Hall. 1709.

(Price a Shilling.)

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ALVARO BARRAS

Dominick OPERA

427 1/2

May, 1873

Written by a Gentleman of Quality

The first of the series of the...

Printed by M. J. for J. M. O. R. D. E. W. West

THE
P R E F A C E.

TIS affirm'd by some, that the Æthiopians were the first Inventers of Letters, others ascribe it to the Ægyptians, but Eumolphus with greater Reason avers, that the Origin of Letters is to be attributed to Moses, and that the Knowledge of which was transmitted from the Hebrews to the Phoenicians, and from them to the Greeks; yet let the Truth of this be how it will, sure I am that Poets were the first Instructors of Mankind, and but for them the People in the more early Ages of the World would have remain'd as rude as the very Earth they cultivated; says Horace,

Sylvestres Homines facer interpretæque Deorum
Cædibus & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus.

And altho' some Ignaro's may be prejudic'd against it, yet I shou'd think Poetry ought not to be despis'd for the multitude of Dabbers therein. Linus, an ancient King amongst the Greeks, has by his Pen adorn'd this most harmonious Art; and Apollo, to whom Mercury presented the Harp, is the renown'd Patron of the Muses. Nor will it, I presume, be amiss to observe to you, that the Sibyls utter'd their Prophecies in Verse. Of all the various Species of Poetry, that of Drama deserves a more than ordinary Applause, tho' Plays at the beginning were represented upon no better a Stage than what the Merry Andrews now a-days erect to amuse the Vulgar withal; and as Flaccus writes,

—plaustris

The P R E F A C E.

—plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis.

Nevertheless, when Achaia and Asia were brought under the Roman Power, Plays, as well as other things, receiv'd their Improvements; and Terence lays it down as a standing Rule,

Poeta cum primum animum ad scribendum appulit,
Id sibi negoti credidit solum dari
Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.

However, by the by, Terence came as far short of Menander, whom he imitated, as Livius Andronicus did of Sophocles: But not to deviate too much from the matter in hand, When I first design'd the following Sheets, I propos'd to my self Three Things, viz. In Eumenes to represent a Lover mourning for the Loss of his Mistress; next, in Altimera, to give a tender Instance of the most sublime Friendship; 3dly, In the Regisick Person of Alarbas, to manifest the large Power of Beauty. But the Poem being some time since drawn according to the Model of our English Dramatick Opera's, any Person that is the least acquainted with the late Performances, will easily account for its appearing in this manner before it had pass'd the Stage, if they will be pleas'd to observe, that the Nature of the Play will not admit of its Representation at either House: The Opera-Theatre being wholly taken up with Italian Airs, and the other totally excluding the Musical Part.

P R O-

PROLOGUE

BY THE

AUTHOR.

E'ER Hellen long from Greece was forc'd away,
And wanton Paris did his Trust betray,
Facetious Ovid many Tales has told
Of Visits made to Nymphs by Gods of old:
How Love-Intrigues by them in Groves were wrought,
And smutty Vulcan was with Venus caught.
To carry Billets Merc'ry was employ'd,
Entrance to him no Goddess e'er deny'd,
Altho' he tuck'd an Apron by his Side. }
Arcadia then was that delicious Place,
Where Gods with Nymphs did multiply their Race:
Ambrosia eat, quaff'd Nectar all the Day,
At Night on Banks in amorous Transports lay.
Our Author there has fix'd the noted Scene,
Adorn'd with Springs and every tender Green,
In those sweet Bowers to form his Play he chose,
Where happy Lovers took their first Repose.
In Altimera's shining Character
There does a Vestal Modesty appear:
Each Love-sick Virgin may from thence improve,
Of Cupid learn the nicest Parts of Love.
The chaste Angelia and Eumenes are
By Jove decreed to be a happy Pair.
And now, Gallants, we hope you'll something find
In great Alarbas Court to please the Mind.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Alarbas</i>	Prince of <i>Arcadia</i> .
<i>Eumenes</i>	A Noble <i>Athenian</i> .
<i>Lysander</i>	Friend to <i>Eumenes</i> .
<i>Polition</i>	} <i>Arcadian Nobles</i> .
<i>Clearidas</i>	
<i>Thrallax</i>	
<i>Lycias</i>	Page to <i>Eumenes</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Altimera</i>	<i>Arcadian Lady</i> .
<i>Felicia</i>	Her Confident.
<i>Angelia</i>	An <i>Arcadian Lady</i> , suppos'd drown'd.
<i>Olinthia</i>	

High Priest of *Proserpine*, Priests, Shepherds,
Shepherdesses, Officers, Guards, Attendants.

SCENE *Arcadia in Greece.*

A L A R B A S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE a Pleasant Champion Country, Prospect of
a Palace at Distance.

Enter *Lysander* and *Thrallax*.

Lys. **G**OOD morrow, *Thrallax*.

Thr. Good morrow, good *Lysander*.

G How wastes the Day? Wakes our *Alarbas* yet?
Or does last Night's Excess

Sit heavy on his Eye-lids? By the Gods

'Twas Royal Cheer,

And *Bacchus* ne'er had more devout Adorers.

Lys. Love, Wine and Mirth Eternal Revels keep,
Musick and Triumph marry Day and Night.

Thr. Exquisite Riot, yet th' unweary'd Prince
Dreams of new Joys, even now, this very Morn
Already's drest, and sits in grand Debate,
What various Madness shall debauch the Day.

Lys. Yet *Altimera* holds this Rover's Heart,
Hopeless to gain, yet eager in Pursuit;
Her Fortune won't admit of Honourable,
Nor Modesty of Infamous Pretences.

[*Trumpets within.*]

B.

Hark,

Hark, *Thrallax*, did that warlike Trumpet speak
 A Charge to Battel, 'twere a noble Sound ;
 But Pimps and Pandars drink the cheerful Voice:

[*Flutes and a Voice within.*

Hark, — soft Variety — That squeaking Eunuch
 For such another Song shall gain a Province,
 Whilst sober Vertue starves.

Thr. How soon *Arcadia* takes the lewd Example!
 Half of our Court already grown Proficients
 In the new Art of Flattery and Revelling.
 This Singing, Dancing Trade, our peaceful Plains
 Polluted with the Fragments of his Luxury
 And Pride, our native Innocence forgot.

Lys. When the *Deucalion* Flood was ceas'd, and Men
 Increas'd on Earth their Progeny agen,
 Thro' pathless Groves and wide *Nemean* Woods,
 They Altars built to the immortal Gods.
 Unhurt from Tygers they cou'd rest secure,
 But Man from Man did Injuries endure:
 The stronger still did o'er the weak bear Sway,
 Like hungry Lions when they seize their Prey.

Thr. Men with their tender Flocks at first did move
 Through *Lybian* Deserts, and th' *Æmathian* Grove,
 Without Restraint then up and down they went,
 And for their Food with Acorns were content ;
 The Fields of *Theffaly* did envy breed,
 And stir'd Dissentions in the flow'ry Mead,
 Of growing Pride so early was the Seed.

Lys. Yet still *Arcadia*, that blest part of *Greece*,
 Richer than *Jason* with his golden Fleece,
 From all intestine Jars was always free,
 In every thing a constant Harmony ;
 Birds on *Palmetties* did so sweetly sing,
 They made the Autumn equal to the Spring.
 Beneath a tender Honey-suckle Shade,
 A due Recess for a Celestial Maid,

On a soft Bank the Nymph wou'd take her Rest,
Whilst Heaven preserv'd the Safety of her Breast.

Thr. Scarce had the Sun with Light adorn'd the Skies,
E're mighty Tumults in the World did rise;
When Tribes did into Families divide,
On Rocks some planted, some by th' Ocean's side.
The *Locrians* then disturb'd their Peace by Land,
And the *Phœnicians* did at Sea command.

Lys. Th' *Athenians* were the first that ceas'd from Strife,
And drew the Model of a Civil Life.

Thr. If the *Athenians* first inclin'd to Peace,
How came they then to make such Stirs in Greece?

Lys. Many the Reasons are and Causes why
Corcirians Help did to their Friends deny,
Altho' like humble Penitents they pray'd,
And in great *Juno's* Temple prostrate laid.

Corinthians and the *Macedonian* King,
Against one single State their Forces bring;
Yet that which chiefly did augment these Jarrs,
And thro' *Pelasgus* rais'd such cruel Wars,
Sprang from the Envy which the *Spartans* shew,
When *Athens* flourish'd and in Honour grew.

Thr. Then was the brave *Eumenes* forc'd to fly
The angry Peoples Rage, that threatned high.

Lys. For Refuge came to our pacifick Plains,
And shunning Civil, ran to Beauty's Chains.

Thr. To stop the Madness of the Multitude,
None ever yet with Power was indu'd;
Their Brutal Fierceness will all Law disown,
Nothing to them but Anarchy is known.
But I must to the Senate.

Lys. I to the General.
Truth guide your Councils.

Thr. Fortune fight your Battels.

A L A R B A S.

S C E N E II.

A Myrtle Grove, Altimera sitting in a Bower.

[Musick and Song within.]

Song.

*YE Flowers be fresh and gay,
Advance your drowsie Heads,
Peep from your fertil Beds
To paint her way.*

*2. Ye Songsters of the Plains,
Sing, sing, your choicest Strains.*

*3. Away ye useless Flow'rs,
With all your Sweets retire,
Hush, hush, ye tuneful Choir,
Her Breath's more sweet,
Her Voice more soft than yours*

[Altimera rises.]

*Alt. 'Tis Prince Alarbas, who in all things sweet,
Thus furnishes this soft harmonious Treat.
Amidst the various Passions of his Breast,
He tells me, that for me is not the least.*

Enter Alarbas and Eunuch.

Song.

*Modesty may deck one Face,
And Beauty to another fall,
Ready Wit a third may grace,
You alone, alone, have all.*

*Pretty, pretty Creature, smile upon me,
Ah! I languish when you leave me,
'Twas a Look like that, that won me,
Ah! I die if you deceive me.*

Alar.

(declare,
Alar. bowing.] Hail, spotless Virgin, whose sweet Charms
 That you to Heaven some noble Fav'rite are.
 Within my Court, fair Nymph, you'll ever find
 Repose for all the Softness of your Mind.

Alt. In you, the great *Arcadian* Prince, I'm sure
 My Person is from Injuries secure.

Alar. To you an Empire I wou'd freely give,
 And the most humble of your Vassals live.

Alt. Monarch of all this World you ought to be,
 If that an Empire you'd assign to me.

Alar. As the first Spark that kindled Life in Man,
 And to produce his Entity began,
 Receiv'd its Fuel from the Force of Love;
 So does my Soul in am'rous Raptures move.

Alt. A little Beauty's all our Sex can boast;
 Women have many Faults, and I the most.

Alar. If ever Poets lavish Praise
 Of Tempting, Bright, Divine,
 Outstrip the Charms of any Face,
 So it comes short of Thine.

That Womens Frowns or Smiles cou'd kill
 Was Fiction all till now,
 The Painting of luxuriant Skill,
 Thine only prove it true.

Alt. Were Men but half so harmless as they seem,
 No Woman wou'd from Man of Perils dream.
 With artful Words you make us first believe,
 And make it then your Business to deceive.

Alar. The Flame of Amber that does much delight,
 And with its Clearness recreates the sight,
 As mine is not so exquisitely bright.

Alt. Love's but an *Ignis fatuus* of the Mind,
 That does our Reason and our Senses blind:
 The *Syrens* Voice that sings us to our Woe.

Alar. The greatest Bliss Heav'n can on Man bestow.

The World's great Soul that every thing informs,
I live alone by *Altimera's* Charms.

Alt. No well-set Jewel is more bright and fine,
Than is this clear, this spotless Heart of mine.

Alar. Without a sight of you this Globe to me
Would be an open and tempestuous Sea,
Toft by the Billows of uncertain Fate,
Where few live happy, prosperous or great.
The Sages into Nature's Secrets dive,
And some in the Research of Arts do strive,
Some in pursuit of Riches, some of Fame;
But Beauty is the universal Aim.

Alt. Alafs, my Lord, Beauty will soon decay,
And eager Love on its own Vitals prey.
Time's snowy Wings may chill this heat of Blood,
Fancy or Absence blast the tender Bud.

Alar. Upon your Charms you set too low a Price,
Nor Age, nor Absence e'er can make 'em less.
Such Excellence, such Sweetness fears no Blasts,
The Beauty of the Mind for ever lasts.

Alt. Your Words are fluent, and I like 'em well,
But what you mean by this I cannot tell;
I daily to *Minerva's* Temple go,
I shun all Vice, and do no Evil know.

Alar. As lofty Elms o'er Meads their Arms extend,
So you in Goodness do your Sex transcend.
Something immensely Great, a charming Grace,
There beams in every Feature of your Face;
To which you super-add a Royal Mien,
As would become the Daughter of a Queen:
A Scepter in that Hand wou'd nobly shine.

Alt. Scepters, great Sir, we unto you resign,
And all the Rule that we do exercise,
Flows from the gentle Power of our Eyes.

Alar. Great *Ammon* once did visit here below,
And on the Nymphs his Favours did bestow.

Alt. My Lord, I nothing of these things do know.

Alar.

Alar. Ah, had you liv'd in those thrice happy Days,
And blest the Meads with your celestial Rays,
To stay with you the God had left the Skies,
Such Power there is in *Altимера's* Eyes!

Alt. The Female Sex you too much magnifie,
And raise, my Lord, the Character too high.

Alar. Immortal Bliss upon your Lips does set,
And in your Shape all Harmony is met;
That snowy Neck, those Hills of sweet Delight,
Than opening Leaves of Jessamin more white.

Alt. You speak to me in such a moving strain,
That 'twere enough to make a Woman vain.
Yet since this Tenderness you're pleas'd to shew,
Permit me then, O Prince, to ask of you
One modest Question.

Alar. Yes, you freely may.

Alt. Have you forgot, my Lord, that Happy Day
When on Mount *Athos* Top *Clarinda* sung?
I just remember it, for I was young.

Alar. Oh! *Altимера*, no — you were not fit
A Torch to *Hymen* or to *Venus* light;
I since have in the Wars of *Media* been,
And I in *Parthia* many Fights have seen;
Yet, lovely Virgin, you do far exceed
The noblest *Parthian*, or the fairest *Mede*.

Alt. You should not praise a Lady to her Face,
Altho' descended of immortal Race.

Alar. One Look from you, fair Nymph, revives me more
Than all my Trophies did in Camps before.
Oft as you turn your lovely Head aside,
Extatick Charms are by my Eyes descry'd,
The which before your curling Tresses hid.

Alt. These Raptures are for Virgin-Ears unfit,
You must not persevere, nor I admit.
Within my Breast no lawless Fire can burn,
And Vertue I will carry to my Urn.

Alar.

Alar. Can you th' Almighty Power of Love disdain?
Does then the God shoot every Dart in vain?
Have you no amorous Heat, no warm Desire?
If void of Passion, are you void of Fire?

Alt. My Soul Heaven's first impresses does retain,
And the same Warmth distils through every Vein;
You know 'tis not insensible of Love,
But Vertue in my Bosom rules with Jove.
Cease, mighty Prince, my Vertue to ensnare,
Depriv'd of Innocence, I must despair.

The finest Flower, when pull'd will soon decay,

Alar. And so it will if on the Stalk it stay.

Alt. You that in Camps have Crowns of Lawrels worn,
To hurt a harmeless tender Maid shou'd scorn;
Spread your triumphant Conquest o'er the Ball,
No Honour's got by a weak Woman's Fall. [*Exit Altimera.*

Alar. What, gone displeas'd! Why let the Humours boil,
Love makes these Quarrels but to reconcile.
Woman no more such Anger can retain,
Than after the Enjoyment grutch the Pain.
Who waits there? —

Enter *Officer.*

Bid the *Napææ* attend,

[*Exit Officer.*

Enter *Nap.* — 6.

Sing.

1. *Whole Hecatombs are to the Warriour due;*
Such as the Priests of old in Temples slew.

2. *Pth' dusty Field his Troops victorious are,*
And Spartans do his noble Acts declare.

Cho. Upon the Hills our Flocks securely graze,
Whilst Shepherds by the Fountains tune their Lays.

3. *On soft enamell'd Banks the Flowers grow,*
And purling Streams in gentle Murmurs flow.

4. *No Swords of Men infest the verdant Mead,*
Nothing does there but tender Virgins bleed.

Cho. *Whole Hecatombs.*

Enter

Enter *Lysander*, *Polition*, *Thrallax* and *Clearidas*.

Alar. Welcome, my Friends ; my noble Friends, the News?
Is the *Athenian* War agreed upon?
In *Athens* I no Rival-Prince can bear,
The Empire of the World I wou'd not share.

Pol. By the exalted Greatness of your Mind,
The Gods *Alarbas* seem to have design'd
For mighty things, whom all Men reverence,
Extol your Bravery and applaud your Sense.

Thr. You are the Shrine at which we hourly pray,
And our selves prostrate at your Feet we lay.

Lys. In Peace and War you know what's fit to do,
All Nations shou'd accept of Terms from you.

Cle. As you there's none so brave, in Council wise,
Mars in your Arms, and *Memnon* in your Eyes.

Pol. Low as the Earth I here my Body bend.

Alar. It is too much, *Polition*, for a Friend.

Lys. Fortune no other Claim but yours allows,
Beauty and Valour's Wreaths on you bestows,
In you alone she loses half her Name,
The Means she varies, but the End's the same.

Alar. In Peace or War I will with you incline.
But Love alone is now my grand Design. [Exeunt omnes.

End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Myrtle Grove.

Enter *Altimera* and *Felicia*.

Alt. MY dear *Felicia*, ah how calm, how blest
Are these Retirements, these soft Beds of Rest!
Luxuriant *Flora* here exerts each Sweet,
And Birds of Paradise their Songs repeat.

C

The

The fragrant Bowers are cloath'd in rich Array,
 And Nature does her tenderest Charms display. [*Soft Musick.*
Fel. Hark! Musick in the Air!

Song.

*In this od'rous Myrtle Grove,
 Sacred to the Queen of Love,
 Tender Virgins safely may
 Pass the smiling Hours away.*

Cho. *Tender Virgins* _____
*Whilst tuneful Lutes do sweetly sound,
 And whisper Harmony around.*

Cho. *Tender Virgins* _____
*Venus Bowers frequented are
 Only by the Blest and Fair.*

Cho. *Whilst tuneful Lutes do sweetly sound,
 And whisper Harmony around.*

Fel. Some Goddesses fure doth here resort,
 Or Pan or Pales keep their Court.

Alt. Here Deities preside,
 What Charms we see
 In every Flower,
 In every Tree.

Fel. Ceres doth here her Form reveal
 And shakes her Golden Head.

Alt. A secret Passion in my Soul I feel,
 Let's rest a little on yon flowry Bed.

[*Set.*

Cupid descends in a Chariot drawn by Doves, and
 hangs over 'em in the Air.

Sings.

O lovely Virgin, rest,
 Admit the God into your Breast,
 And be for ever blest.

Where

*When bright Heaven doth design
Upon a Soul to shine.
The Body falls into a Sleep divine!*

*Rest lovely Virgin, rest,
Admit* _____

[Dance of Cupids.

S C E N E II.

Enter Alarbas, kneels and kisses her Hand.

Alt. **W**HAT Mortal can to me thus cruel prove,
To break that slumber which proceeds from Jove?
Do you from *Persia* or *Arabia* come?
Why do you leave your Flocks in *Greece* to roam?
Divinity has seiz'd my panting Breast,
For *Vesta's* sake do not disturb my Rest.

Alar. As when *Aurora* lights the Eastern Skies,
So dart the Beams from *Altimera's* Eyes.
O Love, the Victor thus uncrowns his Brows,
And at thy Feet the envy'd Lawrel throws.

Alt. All Tongues the great *Alarbas* Praise rehearse,
And some like *Sappho* sing your Fame in Verse.

Alar. Rude and untam'd as a wild Mountain-Roe,
Where Eastern *Ganges* and *Hydaspes* flow:
Fierce as *Numidian* Hunters after Prey,
That growle all Night, and beat the Sands all Day:
Exempt from Law thus wretched Man wou'd be,
Loose as the Coasters of th' *Arabian* Sea,
Did not the Charms of Woman calm his Mind,
And footh the noble Savage to be kind. [Seizes her Hand.

Alt. You shou'd not me as lewd *Nemea* treat,
Arcadian Virgins are as *Vestals* shy,
They talk of Love _____

Alar. But shun the Blifs when nigh.

Alt. Modesty is a Maid's chief Ornament,
More to be valu'd than a high Descent.

Alar. Pardon a Fault your powerful Charms revive,
The sacred Nymphs that on Mount *Hæmus* live,
One Minute angry do the next forgive. }

Alt. Women by Fondness are too oft undone,
You shou'd not therefore urge my Ruin on.

Alar. Eternal Rapture in my Soul I feel,
When you, fair Nymph your swelling Breasts reveal;
Let me then rest upon that Bosom where
I quickly shall forget the Toils of War.

Alt. My Lord, you urge Civility too far.

Alar. Fair Nymph, were I to you unmannerly,
Than a wild *Thracian* I must ruder be.

Alt. Upon my Cheeks I do perceive a Flush,
And you wou'd make an *Amazon* to blush.
The thing that's naught I from my Soul abjure,
Nor will my Innocence such Words endure.

In all the tender Passion of my Mind,
I have no Evil in my Thoughts design'd, }
Do not affront me then for being kind. }

[Weeps,

Alar. So a fine *Tulip* when o'er-charg'd with Rain
Melts and dissolves, not able to sustain
The Weight of falling Showers, hangs down its Head,
And deeply mourns upon its silent Bed.

Oh! *Altimera!* did you know the Smart,
The gnawing Pains that tear a Lover's Heart,
You wou'd — — — you must be kind — — —

Alt. My Lord, forbear.

Thy Hand, *Felicia* — — — follow if you dare.
All things that do belong to tender Love,
Are smooth and soft as the *Chaonian* Dove.
The Gods that in their Punishments are slow,
When Men presumptuous are, their Anger show.
My feeble Limbs unusual Tremblings seize,
Lead me to give my throbbing Heart some Ease;

Then

Then at some blasted Oak's large Foot I'll rest,
And, if I can, I'll drive thee from my Breast.

[*Exeunt Altimera and Felicia.*]

Alar. Sure *Altimera* was by Heaven design'd }
To be the general Wonder of Mankind, }
In Body bright, but brighter far in Mind. }
She's gone——now wou'd some puny Souls despair,
She frown'd, and bid me——follow if you dare.
And so I will————

Tho' in my Face a Basilisk did glare,
And Dragons hurl'd Contagion in the Air.
Tho' belching Fire a hundred *Panthers* lay,
And horrid *Sphinxes's* barr'd the dreadful Way.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Dark Grove of Proserpine.

Eumenes lying on the Ground, Lycias kneeling by him.

Eum. L Y C I A S——

Lyc. My Lord——

Eum. Let me have Musick, melancholy Musick,
Dark as my Thoughts, and sad as my Misfortunes.

[*Plautive Tune.*]

Song.

*Beneath a gloomy Cypress Shade
The Love-sick Strephon lay,
Upon his Hand his pensive Head,
The Batts around him play.*

*The wither'd Grass
His Limbs compress,*

Poor Philomel

Repeats her Tale.

*The Stream his doleful Image bears,
And drinks his dropping Tears.*

Eum.

Eum. What a Weight of Sorrow disturbs and hangs upon my Thought! I didn't make my self! Nature first draws th' exact Proportion of the Lines, and then Infinity informs the spreading Mass with Life! Musick that once wou'd delight and charm the rising Tumults of my Breast, alafs, I now can nothing of its Power feel, and Harmony it self on me is lost!

Enter *Felicia*.

Felicia! a sight of you revives my drooping Spirits; how does *Altimera* do?

Fel. I left her just now very well, I have only stopt since at *Lindamira's* for an Agat Bracelet. [*Eumenes sighs.*
My Lord, you are melancholy.

Eum. When pale *Cynthia* (dress'd in her glittering Gems) visits the silent Meads, I sit by some limpid Stream or boiling Spring; yet oh! I find Tears do but beget Tears, and Sighs without end engender Sighs!

Fel. Ah! *Eumenes!* never did the *Idalian* Grove or *Castalian* Stream afford Relief to the troubled Breast of a disconsolate Lover.

Eum. True as the *Delphick* Oracle you speak, yet there's a secret Pleasure in indulging of ones Grief, especially where the Passion is like mine, unutterably great.

Fel. Pray, my Lord, what makes you thus uneasie?

Eum. Nay, there you wound me to the Heart.

Fel. I hope not so.

Eum. Did you know the fair *Angelica*?

Fel. Why, is she dead?

Eum. It is reported so, and the *Lacrimatories* are all got ready for the Funeral Mourners.

Fel. Oh she was the finest Creature that ever in my Life I beheld! There's an Ivory Statue in the Temple of *Diana*, which resembles her very much.

Eum. 'Tis not unmanly, *Felicia*, to weep upon such an Occasion. [*Weeps.*

Fel.

Fel. How was the beautiful *Irene* delighted the other Morning in looking upon the *Pickatee de Laurane* in *Adonis's* Garden? yet alas! This beautiful Flower is now shedding its Leaves, and all her Charms are fading away! And truly, *Eumenes*, things of the most refined Nature, of the greatest Excellency and Worth, are of the shortest Continuance, and the soonest gone from us. The *Jessamin* Flower upon the least Touch falls to the Ground, and the *Peach* and the *Mulberry* when ripe (as if displeas'd that some tender Hand didn't gather 'em) immediately languish and drop from their Stems. We should not therefore fix our Minds upon the transitory things of this Sublunary Globe. [Exit Felicia.]

Eum. Often to us the Gods do rigid seem,
And Life it self is but a Golden Dream;
For Mighty *Jove*, our utmost Strength to try,
What most we long for does to us deny.
The World's a spacious Wood, in which we find
But little Solace to relieve the Mind.

Lyc. Alas! my Lord! unhappy Man below
Of the Immortal Powers does little know;
For what the Fates intend will surely be,
Nor can we alter what the Gods decree:
You therefore wound your tender Soul in vain,
And but increase the Anguish of your Pain.

Eum. The Healthy to the Sick Advice may give,
And Rules prescribe by which they cannot live:
Or shou'd we yet some Days our Life prolong,
No Flower wou'd please the Eye, no Fruit the Tongue. }
Sure Heaven does not delight in doing Wrong. }

Lyc. The Gods, my Lord, have no malicious Wills;
They must be good, how e'er we shape our Ills.

Eum. A thousand various Thoughts disturb my Mind,
And Woman's Weakness in my Eyes I find;
Nor can the Gods my fervent Passion blame,
Since every God himself has been the same.
Phæbus wou'd oft the charming *Daphne* woo,
And thro' the Grove the flying Nymph pursue.

Jove

Where oily Damps the drooping Trees consume
 By Baleful Pressure, sweating pois'nous Gum;
 Bloody the fatal Field and blazon'd be
 With bloated Toads and Adders Heraldry,
 Where Ravens croak, and screaming Ecchoes meet,
 I'll die and make the horrid Piece compleat. [Is going.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter *Lysander*.

Lys. **W**Hither, *Eumenes*, with that fatal Face!
 Does that sad Look become this chearful Place?
 This Court, the Center of the happy *Greeks*,
 Shou'd fix the general Tincture on your Cheeks.

Eum. If with my Grief I any Truce cou'd take,
 I wish it only for *Lysander's* Sake.

Angelia! oh——

Lys. My Lord, 'tis well remember'd;
 I dreamt last Night—but sure 'twas more than Dreaming,
 Some sportive God the gaudy Vision painted.
 I saw me thought a Paradise of Love,
 Sweet as *Elysium* or the *Cyprian* Grove,
 Here gentle Streams o'er polish'd Pebbles glide,
 And there Meanders curl the wanton Tide.
 The lofty Trees and smiling Flowers below
 Did in agreeable Disorder grow;
 A thousand *Cupids*, and a thousand Loves,
 Fair as their Queen, and harmless as her Doves,
 With wanton Wings from Beds of Roses rise,
 Pursue the Birds, and play with Butterflies.

Eum. Methinks I'm there.

Lys. A Train of Virgins like two Rows of Pearl
 Gay *Flora's* Pride from mystick Baskets hurle.
 The Pink, Carnation, Jessamin and Rose,
 Lillies and Greens their various Lights disclose.

D

Behind

Behind a Chariot press'd the verdant Lawn,
 By *Hymen* driven, by od'rous *Panthers* drawn,
 Their noble Brows large artful Garlands hid,
 On their strong Backs Postilion-*Cupids* rid.
 Their pliant Necks submit to silken Reins,
 And each soft Mouth a golden Bit contains.
 The Chariot bore a Nymph divinely bright,
 My waking Eyes ne'er saw so fine a Sight.
 Her Cheeks, her Hair, her Neck, her Lips, her Breast,
 Her soft white Hands a lovely Youth carest,
 Her trembling Arms his panting Sides compress,
 And buckle in the Grasp at every Kiss.

Eum. O happy! happy Youth! for ever blest!

Lys. When lo me thought a Darkness worse than Night
 Rush'd in and sweep't the Vision from my Sight.
 The Thunder's Voice and screaming Fiends of Hell
 Confus'd the Air with an amazing Yell,
 Through the black Clouds in antick Postures flew,
 And from their Mouths bright sulph'rous Labels blew.
 But oh *Eumenes* and *Angelica's* Names

In Bloody Letters mark'd the streaming Flames.
 From the dire Place I strove to run, but still
 My trembling Feet prov'd Rebels to my Will.
 My Hair froze up, and when for Help I cry'd,
 My painful Words in feeble Whispers dy'd.

Eum. Ye awful Pow'rs my Will to yours resign'd,
 Death's the sole Balsom to a wounded Mind.
 If this fantastick Vision point my Fate,
 With open breast the welcome Blow I'll meet.

Lys. *Eumenes*, hold, these dark *Ænigma's* are
 Above our Reach, but not below our Care.
 These two-fold Visions Good and Evil mean,
 Therefore consult the Priests of *Proserpine*,
 Whose kind Solutions may your Sorrows ease.

Eum. Alas, I'm unacquainted grown with Peace.

Since

Since Life or Death's not in my Power to chuse,
I dare not such a Friend's Advice refuse.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Adonis's Garden, in the middle of which stands the Effigies of Diana, with the Youth Hylas lying asleep at her Feet.

Enter *Alarbas, Thrallax, Clearidas, Polition, Guards and Attendants.*

Alar. AS once the *Sybils* in a lonely Cell
Grew big when they their Prophecies did tell,
So now, my Lords, my labouring Breast does swell. }
The *Argives* and the *Spartans* emulate

The Martial Glory of each others State.
The two great Lights of *Greece* denounce their Rage,
And Showers of Darts their Fury must assawge.

Pol. Still glittering *Athens* like a stately Pine
Amongst low Shrubs looks beautiful and fine,
She all the States of *Greece* can influence,
And Goddeffs-like her Favours does dispence.

Alar. As when rich Fruits draw Water on the Tongue,
Th' *Athenians* so for *Sicily* do long.

Yet I my self have greater things in View,
To vanquish Princes, and their Towns subdue.
The Walls of *Carthage* with this Sword I'll force,
And then all *Lybia* will fall a'course.

The proud *Numidian* Emperor I'll insult,
And make his Vassals unto me revolt.

The hardy *Scythian* with my Launce I'll awe,
And *Africk* Kings my Chariot Wheels shall draw.

Pol. Your pompous Words are like a God exprest,
Full of the mighty Genius of your Breast.

Clea. Your martial Words a secret Warmth inspire,
We feel a Spark of your Celestial Fire.

Pol. The same Devotion we all pay to you,
As Eastern Subjects to their Monarchs do.

Alar. Beneath a fragrant and secure Recess,
Which Heavenly Virgins with their Presence bless,
I with soft Musick will retain my Heat,
It is too strong, too passionate, too great.
For when wild Fury does our Breast invade,
Oft to the Foe our Councils are betray'd.
In Peace or War a stiddy Mind will shew
More than the Force of Words or Arms can do.

Thr. Ye Gods, *Alarbas* and a stiddy Mind!
Thus we're o'er spread with the same Spots we find.
Thus Priests avoid the Pennance which they preach,
Thus Misers Gold, and Women Pride impeach.

Alar. My Bosom swells with Combating Extreame,
This little World another Chaos seems.
Bid the *Ionian* Damsel come to me,
In the mean time let all things silent be.
Till the fair *Greek* shall unto us appear,
The Charms of Musick shall delight our Ear.

[*Harmony of soft Musick.*]

Re-Enter Officer.

My Lord, the *Grecian* Virgin waits your Call,
She stays while sent for in the Palace-Hall.

Alar. Some of you go and bring the Lady in,
To mighty *Jove* and us. She's near of Kin.

[*Exit Polition, and re-enter with Iphis.*]

Alar. Welcome, dear *Iphis*, most harmonious Fair,
Thy Voice commands the roughest Passions here,

[*Pointing to his Breast.*]

Calls Order forth, the Face of Nature smoothes,
Makes Envy smile, and rushing Vengeance sooths.

Iphis.

Iphis. The Words of *Vesta* to my Lord I'll sing,
Which she once utter'd by yon Chrystal Spring.

[*Alarbas nods his Head.*]

Song.

*Almida here from Wars does cease,
And talks of nothing else but Peace.
The charming Tulip and the odorous Rose
Abate her Care,
Allay her Fear,
And all her Thoughts to Harmony compose.*

*The chaste Diana often here
Does in her Hunting-Dress appear,
Her Train of Nymphs protect her from all Harms,
She Jes'min takes,
And Nosegays makes,
Whilst Tuberoses circle round her Arms.*

*Bright Napææ to this Place resort,
And in the shady Bowers sport.
That here possess the Height of earthly Joys,
Who sing and play
The time away,
And under Flora live secure from Noise.*

*Not those thrice happy Days when Men
Wou'd sleep unhurt i'th' Lion's Den.
Did such a beauteous Scene of Bliss afford,
Where Streams do flow,
And Lillies grow,
A fit Abode for some Immortal God.*

Hail, spotless Nymphs, who here may find
 The sweetest Pleasures of the Mind.
 No Troubles do disturb a Virgins Breast,
 But by the Spring
 The Birds do sing,
 And you in young Adonis all are blest.

Enter Officer in haste.

Offic. Most mighty Prince!

Alar. What bold Intruder thus dares press
 Upon my private Pleasures?

Offic. Great Sir, the wrong'd *Platæans* sue for Aid,
 Their Gates by *Naucledes* are open laid,
 Who to the *Thebans* has the Town betray'd.

Alar. What are their Wrongs to me — I will not stir,
 Is this a time to ruffle me with War?

Let squalid Slaughter smear the trembling Wall,
 Rich Flames arise, and thund'ring Bulwarks fall.

In various Shapes Death's ghastly Face appear,
 Whilst Love and Beauty smile upon me here.

I say, I will not stir — And yet I will,
 The Fury of a Lover whets my Steel.

What haughty *Theban* dares their Forces head?

Offic. The Horse by great *Pythangelus* are led.

Alar. Go bid th' *Arcadian* Troops for Fight prepare,
 And by the Beat of Drum proclaim the War.

Nothing of this cou'd e'er have come to pass,
 But by the Falshood of *Eurymachus*.

Ye Gods, what shall I never be at Ease!

Is this a time? And on these Terms to part?

In *Theban* Wounds I'll double all my Smart.

I'll make 'em dearly buy this impious Force,

Ten thousand Lives shall pay for this Divorce;

And

And though *Amphion's* Harp their Walls did build,
My potent Rage shall spread 'em o'er the Field.

[*Exeunt* Alarbas, Polition, Guards, &c.]

Manent Thrallax and Clearidas.

Clea. This Prince *Alarbas* is a Noble Chief
Well-skill'd in all the Rudiments of War,
And yet in things that to himself relate
He much of Levity and Rashness shews.

Thr. But when the publick Safety is concern'd
He acts with Prudence and mature Advice.

Clea. But still his noblest Deeds are fully'd o'er
With a strange Pride and Haughtiness of Mind.

Thr. Indeed, in Equipage and lofty Port
He all the *Grecian* Princes does surpass.
Like him no Monarch ever yet did send
So many Chariots to the *Olympick* Games.
His bright Bay Steeds are of the *Pylian* Breed,
Swifter by much than white *Thessalick* Mares
With which *Orestes* once such Fame did get.

Clea. The Elements in him are strangely mixt,
He seldom holds one Day in the same Humour.
At *Sparta* he is frugal and reserv'd,
Here wanton and luxurious, and in *Thrace*
A very *Bacchanalian*; yet in his Frolicks
There's something pleasant till his Reason leaves
The noble Reins to Passion and Excess.

Thr. He may have Faults, but He's my Master still;
And notwithstanding this Extravagance,
He bears a Noble Nature. My Friend, farewell.
I now must to the Camp.

Clea. Your Cause is good, the like Success attend it.

[*Exeunt* severally.]

S C E N E.

SCENE *The Grove of Proserpine, Altar at Distance, Priests attending.*

Enter Two Priests with lighted Tapers in each Hand, after them the High Priest with a Wand, and Eumenes — and Lyfander.

Lyf. SUCH was the Dream.

High P. 'Tis wond'rous strange, and seems of dire Portent!

Eum. But one thing more — if 'tis within your Art,
(As what is not) whose powerful Wand
Commands the most obdurate, the most
Lethargick Spirit, from Air, Earth, Water,
Wherefoe'er residing — attone the Gods for me,
And Hell's great Queen, that my *Euridice*
May take the Air.

Oh! Let me see the fair *Angelia's* Spirit,
Let her pronounce my Doom —

Arch. How dark mysterious are the Laws of Fate!
How hidden, how abstruce to mortal Eyes!
Man, Brother to the Worms, a Machine is,
Which by the Destinies is turn'd and wound,
Like blind Men in the Dark he gropes his Way,
And seldom hits the Mark at which he aims;
Therefore is studious of th' Effects of things.
But from the Gods ambiguous Answers flow,
As doubtful as Mans Happiness below.
Ho *Mirides*, the sacred Rites begin,
To our great Master *Pluto* and his Queen.

Solemn Musick.

Mirides. *To the great infernal Pair.*

Cho. *To the —————*

Mir. *Victims slay, and Incense spread.*

Cho. *Victims —————*

Mir.

Mir. *Feast the Demons of the Air.*

Cho. *Feast the* _____

Mir. *With the Savour of the Dead.*

Cho. *With* _____

Mir. *Strike the Barren Heifer deep.*

Cho. *Strike her, strike her, strike her deep.*

Mir. *Strike her deep, and sure as Fate,*

Fast as Everlasting Sleep,

Sure as injur'd Woman's Hate.

Grand Ch. *Strike her, strike her* _____

High P. *Hear, Pluto's Royal Consort, hear,*

Angelia spare

To taste Terrestrial Air.

Cho. *Hear* _____

Second P. *Awake, Angelia, wake,*

Assume a Form

By which we may thy beautiful Face discern.

Morpheus unseals thine Eyes,

The God that made thee sleep now bids thee rise.

Cast off thy Night-Dress, thy bright Robes put on.

In which thy living Beauty shone.

Eum. Ah! what no Answer yet! in Slumber still!
Can then no Magick Sound approach thine Ear?

High P. Rash Man, no more on Peril of thy Life.

[High Priest Sings.

By the Spirit in this Wand

Which the silver Moon commands,

By the powerful God of Night,

By the Love of Amphitrite,

Arise, arise, arise,

Shake off the watry Tomb,

And Shape and Voice assume,

A L A R B A S.

*Thy proper Form and Speech.
Break, break thy Adamantine Chains,
Or let 'em hither reach.* [A Spirit arises.

*Slow. Oceanus frowns, the Billows roar.
See, see, she sinks,
 She dies,
Some Dolphin rise
And bear her to the Shoar.*

*Brisk. 'Tis done, 'tis done,
She lands, she lands,
See, see, she smiles as she toucheth the Sands.
See, see —————*

*Thunder and Lightning, the Stage darken'd,
a Fury ascends.*

*Forbear, forbear,
Your fruitless Charms forbear,
My Snakes all hiss Despair.
E're thrice our Styx shall ebb and flow,
The Measure of our Woe,
Thou shalt Angelia see
Like me, like me, like me. [Descends.
[Thunder and Lightning, Scene closes.*

Manent Eumenes and Lyfander.

*Eum. Like me, like me, like me ———
What! shall I see her! be a Ghost like her!
Embrace her airy Beauty, mingle Souls
Never to part again? the Wheels of Life
Methinks are clogg'd ——— like me ——— I come, I mount,
Brave Pegasus he dashes through the Clouds,
And tears the fiery Tracts ——— where am I now?*

Excess of Light confounds me——some gentle Spirit
 Lend me a guiding Hand——Eternity
 Is wide, nor do I know the Azure Path
 That leads me to my Love——
 She comes in yonder Mysttick Chariot drawn
 By *Venus* Turtles o'er th' Ætherial Lawn,
 Lillies and Roses the bright Pavement strow,
 Such as in *Jove's* enamell'd Gardens grow;
 She smiles to see her gaudy Guard of Stars,
 And blushes when like her she meets her *Mars*. *[Exeunt.]*

End of the Second ACT.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Myrtle Grove.

Enter Altimera Sola.

Alt. **O** Love! thou noblest Passion of the Mind!
 Why shou'dst thou be to noisy Pomp confin'd?
 I blush and grieve for my fantastick Fate,
 Doom'd to adore the Man I ought to hate.

Enter Felicia.

My dear *Felicia*, and my faithful Friend,
 You like my better Genius still are kind;
 Amidst my Faults find something to approve,
 Tho know'st my Soul and my unhappy Love.

Fel. Ye pitying Gods, my *Altimera* spare,
 And send her kind Relief.

Of Happiness let her have all my Share,
 I only beg to bear her part of Grief.

Alt. Excellent Maid! the best of Woman-kind,
 Let not my Grievs disturb thy tender Mind.
 Alas! thou know'st I love th' ungrateful Man,
 Perhaps unfaithful, or in Battel slain.
 As on the Margin of the Sea I stood,
 I saw the Heroe cut the swelling Flood;
 My Dress neglected and my Bosom bare,
 Pierc'd by the Winds and open to Air.

[*Puts her Handkerchief to her Face.*]

So their lost Mates the constant Turtles mourn.

Fel. No doubt the valiant Prince will soon return.

Alt. Unto some *Lybian* Desert I'll retire,
 Sigh to the Winds, and there alone expire.
 Beneath a Poplar Shade I'll lay me down,
 My Tresses flowing, and all loose my Gown.

Fel. Madam, with you in Grief I sympathize,
 And Pearly Tears do trickle from my Eyes!
 Were he but sensible how much you grieve,
 For Love he the Pursuit of Fame wou'd leave.

Alt. A growing Tumult in my Breast I find,
 And mighty Storms are rising in my Mind.
 Methinks I see him with his flaming Sword,
 In Armour bright like an Immortal God,
 Ride through the Ranks to notify the Word.
 At *Thebes* I view him in Imperial State,
 The chearful Leaders on their General wait.
 One while my Fears to my sad Mind suggest,
 That some keen Dart has pierc'd the Heroe's Breast;
 Assassines next increase my amorous Pain,
 Working through all my Limbs and every Vein. [*Shout within.*]
 What means that Shout?

Fel. It seems the Voice of Triumph. [*Shout again.*]

Enter Thrallax.

Alt. *Thrallax* return'd!

Thr.

Thr. Yes, Madam, in the general Current
Of grateful Joy for great *Alarbas* Conquest.
The Race of *Cadmus* lately have rebell'd,
And for a time an Insurrection held;
Their Horse and Foot by him have vanquish'd been,
Nor is there now a Rebel to be seen.
Through the hot Blood of Twenty Thousand Foes,
By War the Way to glorious Peace he chose. [*Third Shout.*
[*Trumpets flourish.*

Alt. Felicia, from this Pomp let's haste away,
Or I in Publick shall my Soul betray. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *The pleasant Fields of Arcadia, with the
Royal Bower.*

[*Martial Tune.*

Enter Shepherds, Flower Nymphs *strowing*, Soldiers *bearing*
Spoils, *Lyfander*, *Clearidas*, *Polition*, &c. *Alarbas*, &c.
He ascends the Throne, the rest divide on each side.

Two Voices. *Let Martial Musick loudly sound,*
Let Eccho deal the Notes around,
And swell the Cheeks of Fame
With great Alarbas Name.

Cho. *And Swell* —————

Soft Musick. Single by a Nymph.

Cease, cease your loud Allarms,
Let Peace succeed to Arms.
His Fame's already known,
Diffusive as the Sun.
Let Harmony be fraught
With every kind indulging Thought.
The Songs of Nightingals.
Our pretty Flocks and Flowers,
Sweet Hills and Vales.
And Love in shady Bowers.

By

A L A R B A S.

By a Shepherd.

*Hail, happy Favourite of the Powers Divine,
Kind Fortune knows no other Wheel but thine.*

*She on thy Chariot waits,
Thy Sword is Fate's,
Thou darling of Success
In War or Peace.*

Chorus of the Flower Nymphs.

*To the mighty Heroe bring
Choicest Flowers of the Spring,
Crowns of Roses to his Feet,
Ever blooming, ever sweet.*

Gr. Cho. *Hail, happy* —————

[Alarbas comes forward.

Alar. Ambition doth the Breasts of Kings inspire,
And fills their Souls with an Immortal Fire;
'Tis God-like over Empires to preside,
Do what we please, and never be deny'd.

Thr. Oh! Noble Prince! to snatch the miserable
From black Oppression's Jaws is God-like Vertue.

Pol. E'er this, my Lord, the poor distress'd *Plateans*
Had lurk'd in Caves, or dwelt in wretched Bondage.

Clea. This draws Oblivion o'er all former Story,
And your great Name alone will be remember'd.

Alar. No more, my Friends, no more, my Fellow-Soldiers,
To whose brave Spirits this Success is owing,
Who wou'd regret the Hardship of a Camp,
Or Hazard of a Life for such Returns?
But it is time you were dismiss'd this Trouble;
Each as his Pleasure or his Business calls,
Freely depart, and Happiness attend you.

Omnes. Long live the Great *Alarbas*. [Exeunt *Lyfander, &c.*

Manet

Manet Alarbas and Guards.

Alar. Now for my Love, my angry *Altимера*.
How dull is all this Pageantry without her!
O Beauty! 'tis with thee alone we live;
Love has a Relish every Taste supplies,
And like Heaven's Pleasures never dies nor cloy.

[*Exit with Guards.*]

SCENE *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Altимера Sola.

Alt. In ancient times before *Pandora* hurl'd,
Or vext with fundry Ills the spacious World,
Tygers and Lambs promiscuously did feed
With Kids and Panthers in the verdant Mead.
Calm was the Air, serene the Azure Sky,
And Wolves with Hinds in gentle Peace did lye.
Without the Tiller's Care the Earth did yeild
The sweet Productions of the fertile Field.
The Springs and every soft delightful Grove
Were ample Scenes of Innocence and Love.

Enter Felicia.

My dear *Felicia*! there is something of late, I know not what, that since my talking to *Alarbas*, with an unusual Warmth spreads it self thro' all my Limbs, and now and then causes a Motion in my Breasts, as if there were a living thing within me; prithee what is that they call Love?

Fel. Love, Madam, has its Origin from Heaven, and which will many times (without ever being seen) find its Way to the most secret Recesses of a Lady's Heart.

Alt.

Alt. Can there then be any Hurt in a Being of this Celestial Nature?

Fel. Not if we give it the due Entertainment of a Deity.

Alt. Well, I believe Love has got the Ascendent over my Affections, yet till the Priest has sign'd the Marriage Vow, there shall not one Spark of th' Eternal Fire part from out my Bosom; and altho' I detest Fondness, yet I cannot but say this of *Alarbas*,

A finer Prince ne'er trod upon the Earth,
Great in his Soul, and Noble by his Birth.
Thro' *Thebes* he lately pass'd with Lawrels crown'd —
The comely Nymphs in Marriage-Pomp did dress
Their beauteous Forms, endeav'ring to express
Their Love, and grac'd the Hero's conqu'ring Aims
With all th' Artillery of Female Charms.
Drawn by Four Milk-white Steeds his Chariot was,
Flaming with Gold, did mortal Art surpass;
Each Plated Wheel was of *Vulcanian* Make,
The Horses did of *Juno's* Breed partake,
With which she Measures o'er the Azure Sky,
Thro' Regions of Supernal Blifs doth fly.
Th' expanded Heavens with equal Lustre shone,
As when to Angels first the World was shown,
E'er *Jove* in Paradise did Man enthrone. }
This mighty Heroe since close Siege has laid
To me a tender and a spotless Maid;
But if in him a lawless Fire does burn,
I am forbid to grant him a Return.
And tho' the Prince may think to gain the Field,
Yet still I cannot, must not, will not yield.

[As she is going off the Stage, *Olinthia* enters in haste.

Olin. Oh *Altimera*! most surprizing News!
I scarce have Breath to tell it.

Angelica —

Alt. Speak, what of her.

Olin.

Olin. *Angelia*, whom we all thought drown'd,
By an auspicious Star has been preserv'd.
She lives! she lives! our long departed Sun
Will first break out on us.

Alt. How came you by the News? impossible!
It cannot be — and yet thou art all Truth!

Enter Angelia.

[*Altimera and Felicia run and embrace her.*

Alt. *Angelia!*

Ang. *Altimera!*

Fel. Friend!

Ang. *Felicia!*

Alt. Excess of Joy will kill me.

Fel. Thus I cou'd live for ever.

Alt. Oh! tell us.

Fel. Dear *Angelia* tell us

What pitying God preserv'd thy precious Life?

Ang. The Story is too long — another time
We'll laugh at our Misfortunes — but oh! I hear,
In my short Absence greater has befallen
Faithful *Eumenes*, with Excess of Grief
For my imagin'd Loss, deprived of Sense.
My Sight may do him good, an Hour's Delay
May throw the Noblest Heart in *Greece* away.

[*Exit Angelia, Felicia, Altimera following.*

Enter Alarbas, stops Altimera by the Robe.

Alt. Who art thou!
Vertue guard a harmless Maid.

[*Looks back.*

Alar. What, can all conquering Beauty be afraid?
Turn not away — tho' Death were in your Eye,
Thus wou'd I beg another Look and dye.

F

Alt.

Alt. My Lord, to me you so obliging are,
I all wou'd grant that's fitting for the fair.
But of forbidden Fruit I must not eat,
Till at the Altar you some Words repeat.

Alar. As springing Blossoms that in Meadows grow,
When first the warm *Etesian* Winds do blow,
As many Charms your sparkling Eyes impart,
And fix Ten Thousand Arrows in my Heart.

Alt. Beauty to our frail Sex oft fatal is,
And stops our Passage to Eternal Blifs.
O Noble Prince! what wou'd it you avail
Over a feeble Woman to prevail?
Our Sex, my Lord, is tender, therefore you
Sou'd scorn the weaker Vessel to subdue.

Alar. Madam, you speak too meanly of your Sex,
Pray think how *Hellen* did the *Greeks* perplex.
When Royal *Paris* was inflam'd with Love,
No humane Force his Passion cou'd remove.
Juno was *Hellen's* Friend, but his was *Jove*.
O grant me but from Death a short Reprieve.

Alt. You still offend as fast as I forgive.

Alar. In *Greece* there is no Prince but must declare,
As *Altimera* there is none so fair.
Let restless Monarchs strive for glittering Toys,
But Love and Peace are Pleasures for the Wife.

Alt. Such Love and Peace can only fancy'd prove,
For equal Pleasure dwells with equal Love.
Had you like *Corydon* or *Thyrsis* been,
Some Rural Swain upon the Neighb'ring Green,
I wou'd have watch'd your Lambs, and look'd your Strays.
With silent Pleasures listen'd to your Lays.
And as we under some kind Covert sat
With equal Rapture blest our equal Fate.

Alar. Cease, lovely Charmer of my longing Eyes,
Thy *Syren's* Voice, or he who hears it dyes.
Your swelling Breasts, and blooming Age persuade.

Alt. Sure not to violate a helpless Maid.

Alar.

Alar. With what a Lustre does bright Vertue shine,
'Tis that alone makes Woman so divine.

O *Altimera!* by the Gods I swear,
The Pleasure is too exquisite to bear!

Permit me, lovely Nymph, your Hand to kiss.

Alt. I can't refuse you such a thing as this.

[Gives him her Hand.

Alar. This Kiss revives my Soul, it prompts Desire,
And blows the Fuel of an inward Fire.

Not 'Tulips, Pinks or Roses are so sweet,
Here all the Odours of the World we meet.

And if your Hand has such resistless Charms,
Who can withstand the Beauty of your Arms.

Excessive Thought! even my own Bliss I grutch,
At once to see, to hear, to smell, to touch.

Ten Thousand Raptures in my Bosom play,

Gygantick Love thus makes to Heaven its Way.

Alt. Stand off, he that wou'd Heaven gain, must pray.

Alar. We need not pray to Heaven for things below,
I am not us'd to pray, nor will I now.

Alt. If you by Force my Bosom do invade,
Where all the Treasure of our Sex is laid,

Rather than lose my Virgin-Modesty

I with one fatal Stab will cease to be.

Alar. Do not that tender Bosom violate,
Make me alone the Object of your Hate.

[Snatches Dagger.

Such active Fire glows in my Breast that I
Fear lest the Nymph to quench it will deny.

Alt. Nay, now by *Vesta* and by *Mars* I swear
This high Indignity I will not bear.

What do you take me for a Sorceress?

By your wild Talk I cannot think no less.

Since thus, my Lord, a harmless Maid you treat,

And to her Face these frightful Words repeat.

So rude a Prince I vow no more to meet.

Alar. I hope one Day this Crime to expiate,
Do not return my Love with so much Hate.

Alt. If that you lov'd me as a Prince shou'd do,
You unto me in other Words wou'd sue.
Ungrateful Man! is this the Love you show,
O how I hate my self for loving you.

But I will call it to a strict Account,
With cooling Tears this hectick Heat surmount.

Alar. This hectick Heat surmount! [*Takes her in his Arms.*]

Alt. O help, ye Powers!
Is there no pitying God that guards these Bowers?

Alar. Yes, one that pitys my Distress, not yours.

Enter Eumenes singing.

[*Altimera runs off, Felicia after her.*]

*Bold Mars shall be my Squire,
And carry my Shield with Patience.
Nimble Mercury too
With his Wings to his Shoe
Shall steal for my Occasions.*

Alar. Unlucky Chance — at such a time controul'd,
Damn'd Fortune! is it thus you help the bold. [*Exit Alarbas.*]

Eum. I'll make a Punk of Venus,
Coy Dian too shall coax me.
Each Star-spangl'd Whore
Shall consent or procure,
When e'er my Lust provokes me,

Lys. within. My Lord, my Lord *Eumenes.*

Eum. I'm mad for Love,
The Gods above
And mighty Jove's
My Pattern:

With

*With Hopes and Fears,
Sighs and Tears,
I languish, faint
For Patch and Paint,
Admire
Attire
Like other Brain-sick Noddies,
Make a Goddess
Of a Slattern.*

Enter Lyfander and Lycias.

Lys. Alas! *Eumenes!*

Eum. O, are you come, my *Argus*?
Look for my Love with all your Hundred Eyes,
She cannot be far off,
She sleeps upon the Borders of the Moon.

Sings.

*Sound a Thousand Trumpets, sound,
Set Phlegrea's Plain before me,
Let hollow Clouds resound,
Come Ethereal Battel o'er me;
Fall, fall yon azure Roof,
Let Atlas place his Weight here.
With my Burthen I'll rise
And prop the Skies,
And save with my Back
The universal Wreck
Of Nature.*

Lyc. Oh my dear Lord, compose your self to rest.

Eum. Who talks of Rest? have I not far to go?
'Tis dead of Night! and I must meet *Angelica*
Before the Sun forsakes his *Thetis* Bosom.

Lys. *Eumenes!*

Eum. Ha — *Lysander*!

Lys. Do you then know me?

Eum. I think the same —

Tho' my Eyes are but weak — your Pardon, dear *Lysander*.
This Interval I dedicate to Friendship,
Let me embrace the worthiest Man on Earth,
Thus fold thee in my Arms — forget my Sorrow,
And make the farthest of this transient Happiness.

Angelia rises like a Ghost.

Stand off — O *Proserpine*, I'll take thy Word
For Millions now — O that I were all Eyes!
Fate shall not part us now —

Lys. Forbear, my Lord, the Air admits no Contact.

Eum. Ha, ha, *Lysander* — see some merry Devil
Has borrow'd my *Angelia's* Shape to fright me.
Restore the sacred Form, or by the Gods,
My Sword shall force thee, were thy Blood an Ocean,
The Thirsty Blade thus drinks the utmost Drop.
Are you so nimble?

[*Follows her.*]

Lys. I am amaz'd!

Lyc. I know not what to think!

Lys. Saw you ought, *Lycias*?

Lyc. As plain as I see you.

Lys. 'Tis wondrous strange!

What can this Vision mean?

Some Mischief may ensue,

Let's follow and defend him from himself.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Angelia, Eumenes following.

Ang. I am *Angelia's* Spirit.

[*Passes on.*]

Eum. Stay, visionary Bliss —

We are not us'd to meet or part like this:

Stay, I conjure thee stay, what e're thou art,

Thou wear'st a Form I copy in my Heart.

Ah!

Ah! why this Interval of Heavenly Joy?
 To visit such a World! a Wretch as I!
 Perhaps I'm call'd to everlasting Day,
 And thou art kindly come to show the way.

Ang. Eumenes, why d'ye thus disturb the Dead,
 And force my Spirit from its Rosy Bed?

Eum. This mournful Accent wounds me to the Heart.

Ang. Alas! vain Man! what signifies your Heart?
 Heaven knows you made my very soul to bleed,
 And fix'd the Plummets of a tedious sleep
 Upon my Love-sick Eyes, that fain wou'd see
 The Light, and long to view eternal Day.

Eum. Oft do I walk in *Tempe's* flow'ry Grove,
 And there in Tears my wretched Fate do mourn.

Ang. Eumenes, what cou'd make you so unkind,
 To slight a Virgin in her blooming Years,
 That was so loving, beautiful and rich,
 And worthy of a High-born Prince's Bed.

Eum. Ah, do not say I did *Angelia* slight;
 Had I on Rocks been bred and nurs'd by Wolves,
 I never cou'd have been so base as that;
 Impute it therefore to the real Cause,
 My Youth, my Folly, and my want of Thought.

Ang. Your Youth shou'd have increas'd your am'rous Heat:
 Oft at our House you kindly were receiv'd,
 And I, the Fire of Love in you to raise,
 shew'd you my ample Fields and num'rous Flocks,
 Smil'd when I spoke, and pleas'd you in my Dress.

Eum. Oh *Angelia,* I cannot hear thee speak
 And live, cease, cease awhile thy wounding Speech,
 The Avenues of Life in me are stopt.

Ang. Whatever now you fondly may pretend,
 When *Ceres* wou'd have lit the Marriage Torch,
 You Hymen slighted and despis'd his Rites.

Eum. A Question once I did *Angelia* ask,
 Which she again unto her Mother told.

Why wou'd you cloath your self in this sad Garb?

Ang. My mournful Garb suits with my mournful State,
The rich Attire that I in *Athens* wore,
When first I strove your Frozen Heart to melt,
Alas it will not on my Body hang;
The Di'monds which did once adorn my Neck
Their Lustre now will useles to me prove;
Arabick Gums no more perfume my Hair,
And Worms instead of Bracelets circle round
My feeble Arms, that unto Dust do turn,
And you, *Eumenes*, are the Cause of all!

Eum. Forgive, forgive an humble Penitent,
And tell me something of another World?

Ang. You ask a thing which is not to be done,
Unless that you like me a Spirit were.

But my Permission waxes——farewell, *Eumenes*,
Thou much lov'd Man, farewell——fain wou'd I stay!
But Fate's inexorable, and compells me hence,
To the cold Margin of the *Stygian* Shoar,
And I must never, never see you more!

[*Is going.*]

Eum. My wounded Heart now bleeds, methinks I feel
The thrilling Drops of Blood that fall from thence.

[*Falls into a Swoon.*]

Ang. Help, *Lycias*! my Lord *Lysander*, help!
No body near?

Enter Lysander and Lycias.

What have I done?

Look up, look up, my Lord!

My Love, my dear *Eumenes*,

I am *Angelia*, witness these Embraces.

Lys. Am I awake, or are we all distracted?

Ang. Oh my curst Folly! look up, my Love!
Thy lost *Angelia* calls thee.

Eum. Ha, ha, ha, ha,

[*Rises.*
Nothing

Nothing but Knavery stirring —
 Black-berries and Haws upon Bushes grow,
 With Heps, Dog-roses and many a Sloe,
 Poppies are often seen amongst the Corn,
 And sweet Serpillum doth the Heaths adorn. [Capers about.

Ang. Alas do you not know me?

Eum. Yes — you are — a Butterfly,
 Still gaudy to the Eye but good for nothing.

Angelia never wou'd have us'd me thus!
 Her tender Hand wou'd bring some kind Relief,
 But you still add unto a Lover's Grief!

Ang. My dearest Lord, behold this Bosom here,
 It once wou'd lovely in your Eyes appear.

Eum. A God might on her snowy Bosom rest,
 With one dear Touch even *Jove* himself be blest.

What e'er thou art do not torment me so, }
 For to the sweet *Elysian* Fields I'll go, }
 And tell my Sorrows to the Shades below. } [Exit.

Lys. Let's follow, fair *Angelia* — he has Intervals,
 And then your Eyes may work a perfect Cure. [Exeunt.

Enter Alarbas solus.

How sweet is *Altimera's* Innocence!
 How pure her Thought, and how refin'd her Sense!
 Free in Discourse and easy of access,
 Courteous to all and pleasing in address.
 As Lillies white, clear as the Springs her Breast,
 Still as approaching Day or Halcyon's Nest.

Felicia enters, starts and retires.

Alar. *Felicia*, ha! — there's Danger in my Face,
 Where e'er I come Vertue avoids the Place. [Follows her.
 [She re-enters, he following.

Alar. Felicia——dear Maid Attention lend,
Thy conquering Beauties every thing command:
In Nature's fairest Mould thy Body cast,
Gentle thy Soul, and softer than thy Breast:
Thy Tongue persuasive Eloquence affords,
As parting Friends or dying Lovers Words.

Fel. Still Wit in others Beauty paints her own.

Alar. Thy Wit and Beauty are not to be drawn,
Above Description and beyond Compare.
Divinely Good, as you're Divinely Fair.

Fel. This Language to my injur'd Friend belongs,
Is this the way you recompence her Wrongs?

Alar. No, fair *Felicia*, tho' you're all and more
Than I have said, I said it on her score.
Paint me as black as was my curst Intent,
Then let thy Pity draw me Penitent
Tell her the dying Wretch's last Desire
Is but to ask her Pardon and expire:
Tell her my Soul admires her Vertue more
Than my fond Eyes her charming Face before:
Tell her, Oh tell her —— [Enter *Altimera*.
I dare not look that way.

Alt. Let's fly, *Felicia*——

Fel. *Altimera*, stay ——

Alt. O my *Felicia*! Oh thou young Deceit!
Who made thy spotless Soul a Hypocrite?
Then farewell all that's Innocent in Joy,
And Infants Smiles and Virgins Tears destroy.

Alar. kneeling. O *Altimera*, oh thou injur'd Fair,
Can that sweet Heavenly Look beget Despair?
Can that smooth Brow and all that softness be
Wrinkl'd alone, and only hard to me?
Thus groveling at your Feet——

Alt. I'll hear no more ——

Bear me, ye Winds to some far distant shoar,

Where

Where never Tract or Footstep has been seen,
Where Women or false Men have never been:
My Tears shall swell the sympathetick stream,
And gentle Eccho bleat my mournful Theam.

[Puts her Handkerchief to her Face.

Alar. rises. Enough, ye Powers —

But I deserve much more;
Bear me, ye Whirlwinds to that fatal shoar,
Swift Lightning fall and hideous Waves arise,
Glare Horror to my Soul and blast my Eyes.
Then let my *Altimera's* Shade draw near,
Lovely and charming as we had her here;
With gentle Looks and half upbraiding Eyes,
Pity and seem to share my Miseries:
And as my Soul dissolves and seems to shake
Her airy Wings her happy Flight to take,
Oh may'st thou be as thou art now severe,
And leave me to unutterable Despair.

[Is going.

[He bows low.

Alt. Alarbas —

I charge you live —

I pity you — tho' I must ne'er forgive.

Alar. Transcendent Goodness! canst thou pity then?
Or canst thou look upon the worst of Men?
What a black Fiend's Ingratitude!

[Offers to stab himself, is hinder'd by Felicia.

Alt. Hold, I conjure you by your Love profess'd,
You cannot sure deny my first Request?
I'll add a Bribe too, I forgive you all.

Alar. I never will forgive my self.

Alt. you shall —

Alar. This pious Goodness only serves
T'inhance my Villany,
And every Tear of thine deserves
A drop of Blood from me.

Alt. We all have Faults, with me your Fame is clear.
Faults in a Friend but Beauty-spots appear.

Alar. Severe or kind you either way destroy,
 You kill with Sorrow, or you kill with Joy.
 Oh lovely Maid, thus trembling I approach,
 Nor dare I without leave Your Hand to touch.

[Gives him her Hand.

Now let the Thunder roar and Lightning fly,
 And fullen Demons crowd the watry Sky,
 I'll laugh at Fate, Celestial Pleasures try,
 For *Alcimera* brings Immortal Joy.

[Exeunt.

Enter Eumenes and Angelia:

Eum. My dear *Angelia*, are my Senses right?
 Do my Eyes do me Justice——do I see thee
 Thus fold thy Beauties in my longing Arms?
 Transporting Joy! I shall relapse again.

Ang. Oh may I live to recompence this Truth,
 Thy pious Sorrow and thy injur'd Youth.
 I only for *Eumenes* wish to live.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Noble *Eumenes*, and the fair *Angelia*,
 By me *Alarbas* does intreat Your Presence,
 To share a Banquet in these pleasant Fields,
 And view such Sports as sweet *Arcadia* yields.

Eum. I to the Prince will instantly repair;
 But oh! what says my Life, my Soul, my Dear?

Ang. My Lord, I shall be glad to take the Air.

[Leads her off.

Scene

Scene Drawn discovers Alarbas, Altimera, Eumenes, Angelia, Felicia, Olinthia, Lyfander, Clearidas, Polition, Thrallax, &c. at a Banquet in a large Bower of Honeysuckles, Jessamine, Tuberoses, and all sorts of Flowers.

Symphony of Musick.

The M A S Q U E.

Enter Two Satyrs.

2 Voices. Come, come, come away,
Come, come, come away,
Ye Satyrs and Fawns,
That trip o'er these Lawns.
Ye Nymphs and ye Swains.
This Festival Day,
Great Love entertains
With Sports on these Plains:
Tune, tune all your Pipes
To soft *Arcadian* Strains.

Enter Satyrs, Shepherds, Wood-Nymphs, &c.

Nymph. These happy Bowers
Refreshing Gales,
These smiling Flowers,
Green Hills and painted Vales.
These Realms of Peace
In Bliss and Love,
Rival the Court of Jove.

Cho. Hail, mighty Love, victorious *Cupid*, hail;
Whose Power can over Heaven and Earth prevail.

1st Voice

2.
1st Voice. Happy, happy they
 Who wear thy glorious Chains,
 Thy sweet Commands obey,
 And feel thy pleasing Pains.

3.
2d. Nymph. Love is all easy, gay and kind,
 Free as Air that fans the Groves,
 Wanton as his Wings with Wind,
 Gentle as his Mother's Doves.

4.
Swain. Beauty charming,
 Always warming,
 Hearts allarming,
 Ever blooming Pleasures brings.
 Soft Embraces,
 Balmy Kisses,
 Close Caresses,
 Cooling Shades and Chrystal Springs.

Enter Momus.

That Beauty's bright we're told,
 But the lustre comes from Gold;
 When we languish for a Smile,
 We mean the Money all the while.

Cho. of Satyrs. When we languish———

6.
Swain. Sparkling Wine
 To Beauty join,
 Bring the mighty Goblet crown'd;
 Fill the Juice in
 Mirth producing,
 Briming Glasses
 Wit increas'es.
 Let the Measure,
 Nor the Pleasure know no bound.

Cho. Sparkling Wine———

2 Voices.

2 *Voices.* Love, Beauty, Wine
 And Musick make Bliss divine:
 Celestial Harmony
 Our Voices raise
 Inspir'd by thee
 We sing thy Praise
 Celestial Harmony.

Slow. Thy Trumpet's Voice the Warriours Soul
Quick. With Battel,
 Glory,
 Triumph fills
 His Eyes with noble Ardour roll,
 His Veins with richer Crimfon swells.

One Voice.

Lutes. Thy Lute the raging Fit controuls,
 The hectick Heat th'harmonious Julep cools,
 By thee
 We love or hate,
 We fear or challenge Fate,
 Celestial Harmony.

Flagelets. Thee *Philomel* sings in the dark,
 To thy Palace the Lark
 From *Flora's* Tapestry rises;
 The Choir of the Plain
 In various Notes
 Their little Throats
 The pretty Warblers strain.

Dance of Satyrs.

DIALOGUE.

Strephon. Sylvia.

Strephon. Ah charming Nymph, as Morning bright
 As Sleep refreshing, dear as Light,
 Whiter than Lillies, yonder Rose
 Does not so sweet a Blush disclose,
 Soft as the Breeze that fans the Grove.

Syl. Nay, *Strephon*, if you talk of Love ——— [*Offers to go.*
Sere.

- Stre.* Stay, cruel Maid,
Or to Despair you'll leave me.
- Syl.* To deceive me
This Praise is laid,
And to believe's to be betray'd.
See the pretty Turtles,
How they love and coo,
Wanton in the Myrtles,
Only Man's untrue.
- Stre.* Sooner the Sun shall cease to warm,
Menalcas Pipe to charm,
Whales in our Meadows revel,
Hills with their Dales be level,
Than I deceive you.
Than I believe you.
- Syl.* Ah I die.
- Stre.* I'll try. [*Scornfully.*]
- Syl.* Ah, a - - h I die.
- Str.* I'll try.
- Syl.* And so will I.
Another Love
I'll try.
- Syl.* Ah I die.
- Str.* I'll try.
- Syl.* Ah — ah I die.
- Str.* I'll try.
- Syl.* And so will I.
Another Love
I'll try.
- Both.* And so will I —
And so —
- Momus.* *Strephon*, cease this way to woo her,
For she flies if you pursue her.
Love in Maids, like Widows Tears,
Is the least what it appears.
Learn of her then to be wiser,
She pursues if *Damon* flies her.

Enter Silenus.

I am *Silenus* ——— keenest Wit
 Alone the Mark can hit.
 The Power of Numbers Virtues Face,
 Or Vice with equal Beauty grace,
 With easy Cadence shines,
 Or Thunders killing Lines. [Enter Wood-Nymphs.

Wood-N. Who talks of killing?
 In my Eyes
 Perdition lies,
 Oh shield thee from the Fire,
 Or by the Beams
 Thou in Extreame
 Of Pleasure must expire.

He. I am a Wit.

She. I am a Beauty.

He. The Devil.

She. Civil.

He. My Verse immortal makes you.

She. My Beauty captive takes you.

He. Wit has resistless Fires.

She. 'Tis Beauty Wit inspires.

He. 'Tis I erect your Throne.

She. My Power's my own.

He. I give and can divide it.

She. That hanging Look and sneaking Air
 Confess me Fair

The more you strive to hide it.

He. I lash Vices

Of all sizes,

Amorous Asses,

Painted Faces,

Fops perfuming

Wit assuming.

Humming, sighing, dying seize you,

Fancy decks you,

Truth detects you.

Only Fools were made to please you.

H

Momus.

Momus.

Thus ever't has been,
 The Men of the Women complaining,
 The Women of Men
 Are never contented,
 For Men will betray,
 And Women will stray,
 Jove knows not a way
 To mend it.

Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Shepherd.

In a delightful Paradise,
 Made for harmless Sport and Bliss.

Shepherdess

Where Flowers and Fruits untoil'd for grow,
 Fill the Ground and bend the Bough.

Both.

Where chirping Birds and murm'ring Streams
 On rosy Beds inspire soft Dreams,
 We spend all our Hours in Pleasure.

She.

No Wishes can add to the measure.

He.

No Business to mix or destroy it.

Both.

And nothing was meant
 For use or content
 But we fully and freely enjoy it.

Cho.

And nothing —

He.

We no Riches have nor Care.

She.

Feel no Losses nor Despair.

He.

No Passion or Grief to disturb us.

She.

No Law to perplex and to curb us,
 To wrong with Pretences to right us.

Both.

No poys'nous Pill
 In Physick to kill,
 Nor Priestcraft to cheat and afright us.

Cho.

No poys'nous —

He.

We nothing want nor nothing save.

She.

The more we spend the more we have,
 For Nature still sends us new Treasure.

Both.

Nor can Sleep or Night
 Put an End to Delight,
 But in Dreams we continue our Pleasure.

Cho.

Nor can —

2 *Voices.* Sound the Trumpet sound,
 The martial Spirits raise,
 With Love and Glory crown'd,
 Sing, sing the Heroe's Praise.
 Higher, higer strain your Silver Voices,
 All Nature rejoices.

Grand Cho. Sound the Trumpet — —

[*Dance.*
Musick above: They rise and move forwards.]

Hymen Descends.

Sings. See, happy Mortals, see
 Hymen himself appears
 To give you Joy
 And dissipate your Fears.
 Your faithful Love
 Has pleas'd the Courts above,
 For ever happy may you be,
 In Sacred Wedlock join'd by me.

[*joins their Hands. Ascends.*]

Grand Cho. See, happy Lovers, see
 Hymen himself appears
 To give you Joy
 And dissipate your Fears.
 Ever happy may you prove,
 Heaven it self's but Endless Love.

Alar. Thus may we ever live, our Hours improve,
 In Friendship's tender Joys, or softer Love:
 Thy Goodness, *Altimera*, makes me see
 That Vertue is the sole Nobility,
 And all the Charms that we on Earth can find
 Are far beneath the Beauty of the Mind.

[*Curtain falls.*]

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WHILST Fierce Bellona frights the Neighbouring Swains,
And shakes Confusion o'er their fruitful Plains,
Still Britain, like Arcadia's fairest Face,
Blooms with the Joys of Innocence and Peace.
Beauty and Love, the Product of our Isles,
Revel in Hearts, and charm in dimpl'd Smiles:
The British Shepherds safely tune their Reeds,
Their Flocks no Wolf, their Corn no Spoil invades,
No stormy Fears their Halcyon Bosoms shake,
Or loud Allarms their gentle Slumbers break:
In active Sports they spend the chearful Day,
In healing Rest the Darkness slides away.

These Golden Days, this Happiness we share,
By our great Shepherdess's prudent Care:
These Blessings for her sake alone are given,
Such Worth and Goodness claim Success from Heaven:
Its Treasury to such Piety's unbar'd,
Witness Hocktet, Ramillies, Audenard.
St. George for England former Ages own,
But ANNE's the Guardian of the British Crown.
Astrea smiles at her revolving Reign,
Claps her white Wings and visits Earth again,
Perches on her auspicious Throne and draws
Her sacred Sword for such a Queen and Cause.

F I N I S.





